Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to lose what they enioy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West.
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Rosse, Percy, Willoughby; with Bushy and Greene, prisoners.

Bul. Bring forth these men:
Bushy and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths,
You have misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the Possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in Blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoopt my necke under your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraigne Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seigniories,
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest woods;
From mine owne windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse leaving me no signe,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,

Con-